

Letter from Helen Keller to Alexander Graham Bell, February 19, 1907

Keller H Wrentham, February 19, 1907. Dear Dr. Bell:

I feel conscience-stricken at the thought of not sending you even a line all these weeks. But all letters have had to wait until our ship touched shore. For we have been tossed about on rather rough waters. On our return from New York I had a contest with a pirate most redoubtable, bronchitis. The attack was not severe, and I soon got the upper hand. Then my teacher fell ill, and we were all very anxious, as she suffered much. But we are all better now, and I feel the spring coming into my body as well as into the fields and woods. Mr. Hitz writes me that you have been ill too, but are improving. I do hope so, and that you will soon be quite yourself. If you are not, we shall come to Washington with all our forces and mount guard over you, or rather, over your spirit which seems bound to move you long before you are rested.

Now that I have this opportunity to write, I am at a loss how to thank you for coming to help me in New York. So inadequate are words to express the heart's warmest emotions! After all, perhaps the greatest grace of a kindness like yours is, that it anticipates and admits of no thanks. One thing you will surely let me say. You have been and are very good to me, and so is Mrs. Bell, and though I be silent, I cherish ever the many tokens of your love.

I did not realize how difficult it would be for you to come and help me out at the meeting, especially when you had not time to read the speech over or rehearse with me. But every one said we did splendidly, and made a beautiful picture together, and certainly a happier girl than myself was not to be found that night.

I should write to you oftener if there were anything piquant enough for a letter. But events occur here as rarely as birds return to last year's nest, and the events that occur would

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scarcely interest you. Our New York visit was one of more than usual intensity. We had a very pleasant time. We enjoyed the whirl and gaiety of that great city. Nevertheless, it was good to return to the sunshine and the peace of our home.

We half expected to go to Washington from New York, WARDS BOSTON BOND but were too weary at the end of our visit to think of another trip. I long to be with you again and to see and hear what you are doing, and whether we are any nearer to flying. It would be fine if we took our flight across the Potomac some morning before breakfast. How it would air my whole soul to have such an experience! I wonder if this will ever happen. It seems more and more difficult for us humans to pull up anchor and sail away to skyey ports.

Please give my love to Mrs. Bell. I hope all your dear ones are well and having a delightful winter.

With affectionate messages from my teacher and her husband, I am, Your loving friend,
Helen Keller